

THE SUPREME GAMBLE—CHANCES OPERATION ON HUSBAND'S BRAIN TO CURE CRIME TREND

What will be the lot of Anna Oram this evening when the surgeon's scalpel will have penetrated the brain of her husband, to bring him back to her sound in mind again or to send him on to death before his time to die?

She sat in the office of the German-American hospital this afternoon, a weak, crying old woman, the two children huddling close to her, her deeply-lined thin face plainly showing the wretchedness she felt in mind and body.

She was taking the supreme chance—gambling the life of the man she loved. On the other side of a partition John Oram lay; a surgeon's drills and saws had lifted out a portion of his skull, a surgeon's knife was cutting into his brain.

"I want him, oh I want him?" she moaned as she awayed to and fro in the chair. Her dry eyes seemed to hurt because they wanted to cry and the tears would not come.

She looked so pitiful. She had told the surgeon to go ahead with the operation, but now that the cone of ether had sent her husband into a darkness from which he might never come she seemed to regret.

"I want him, I want him," she cried.

She does want him. She wants him because she loves him. And she wants him, too, because she is hoping that the operation will be a success and that he will be able to show the United Charities that its calumny of him was false, that her faith in him at which the United Charities sneered was right as well as true.

Dr. Harry J. Halseiden, who was to perform the operation this afternoon, says Oram has an excellent chance to come out of the operation entirely free from criminal tendencies which in past seemed to have marred his life.

"Oram was hit on the head with a

baseball bat when a boy," said Halseiden today. "Later he was beaten over the head with a policeman's club. X-ray pictures of his brain show an imperfection. I am confident that this operation to remove the affected part of the brain will result in the correction of Oram's evil tendencies.

"I believe that many criminals of today are so because of injury to their brain by blows on the head while young or from pressure of surgical instruments at birth."

Oram was a trained nurse. But at times, according to his wife, he would change his name to Sullivan, quit his job at the hospital and become a teamster.

"It was then that he was the demon," said Mrs. Oram. "He became a ruffian; he would be living a new life, a life so apart from the life of John Oram that he would not even know me."

Oram was arrested several times for impersonating an officer. At these times he seemed to imagine he was a policeman and would arrest someone on the street and maybe march them right up to the police station.

Once when he got in trouble on a charge of impersonating an officer—that was after his being pardoned from the penitentiary, where he had been sent for murder—the United Charities offered him its aid. It went to him in court, says Mrs. Oram, and told him he must give up his good-salaried job as a nurse and take a job in Ohio at \$1.50 a week. The Charities wanted to take charge of the children, Walter and Willis.

"The charities told my husband that if he did not take the \$1.50 Ohio job it would have him sent to jail," said Mrs. Oram. "He refused to desert me and the children because the United Charities said he must, and he was sent to the Bridewell."